

# Horror Shorts: Alana

Matthew Bellingham

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**First Edition.**

# **Acknowledgements**

This story is for the people who over the years have read, commented and hopefully enjoyed my work so far.

# Alana

She was beautiful. I just wanted to reach out and caress her flawless porcelain skin. Yet she seemed so fragile that she'd crack with even the slightest of my touches. She watched me with her baby blue eyes as her blonde hair swept about with the wind. Luscious red lips forming a natural pout as she waited for me to kiss her.

I just stood there drinking in the wonder of her. Her white dress clung to her curves, accentuating her natural beauty. Alana smiled at me and ran her hands along her cleavage as her dress was made for an impact and without a doubt she'd blown me away.

The warmth blossoming inside me whispered to me telling me to kiss her, and more besides. I took a step forward and her smile widened revealing pearly white teeth. I went to her and she came to me.

Without a word I swept her up in my arms pulling her close as we went into a passionate kiss. For the swiftest of moments it was ecstasy and it felt as if we were one.

Alana smiled and asked me to take her right here. I smiled back, I wanted to make love to her right now but I just pushed. Her smile disappeared, replaced by a look of confusion as she staggered backwards. Her eyes widened taking in the knife that had penetrated her heart, and the blood that even now was blossoming over her dress.

"Why?" she whispered a tear rolled down her face.

"Forgive me...I love you..."

I dropped to my knees as despair settled in. But I had to be strong I made myself watch. Watch as the girl I loved bled and bled before slumping to the floor in a pool of her own blood.

I forced myself to watch as she suddenly convulsed and exploded into a million specks of dust.

Watch...

...as my love died.

Watch...

...as my heart died.

Watch...

...as another vampire died.